THE
LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

November, 1801.

JEANNE-MARIE PHLIPON ROLAND.

[With a Portrait.]

AMONG the most barbarous and unjust acts of the late revolutionary Government of France, may be reckoned the condemnation and execution of the lady whose Portrait embellishes our present Number.

MADAME ROLAND, born at Paris in the year 1756, was indebted to Nature for the most happy dispositions; and so well had she cultivated her talents, that, at the early age of eighteen, she had written some very profound reflections on the most abstruse subjects.

At what age she became the wife of M. Roland we do not learn; but she had never ceased her literary labours. Speaking, in one part of her works, of the writings that she composed when a girl, she says,---" I have a pretty large packet of my works, written previous to my marriage, piled up in a dusty corner of my library, or, perhaps, in a garret: never had I the slightest intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived, very early in life, that a woman who gained this title lost a great deal more than she acquired. The men do not love her; and her own sex criticise her: if her works be bad, she is ridiculed, and not without reason; if good, her title to them is disputed."

During the time of her husband's being Minister of the Interior, she was the author of many of the public papers signed by him, and which, for just composition, brilliancy of language, and patriotic sentiment, are, perhaps, unrivalled. To the enthusiasm of a spirited reformist she added a degree of firmness that gave weight to her decisions, and made her company be sought after by all the *Moderés* of Paris. Whenever Roland gave a political dinner, this lady always presided. She had at one time, indeed, her regular levees of statesmen, and was consulted as if she were Prime Minister.

Courteous in her demeanour, and easy in her manners, though her sound judgment and good sense awed her inferiors into respectful silence, yet she had those means of conciliation in her power which never failed to render her mistress of the principles and the views of those by whom she was consulted.

At length, Roland, having attached himself to the weakest party, became the object of jealousy and hatred; those who, in his prosperity, had courted him, and been deeply indebted to his favour, when his power was at an end, shamefully abandoned him; and he and his wife were soon after included in one proscription. Her few remaining friends having heard that wicked men were lurking about the house, probably with the view of privately taking her life, declared her flight to be indispensable, and that it was necessary she should leave her house in other clothes than her own. The dress of a country girl was brought her to put on; but, some alteration being proposed in the cap, her natural fortitude revived, she indignantly threw it away with the rest of the dress, and said, "I am ashamed of the part that I am made to act: I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house: I owe to my country this example of firmness, and I will give it."

Finding it necessary to place her daughter out of the reach of danger, she wrote to a Madame Mignot, who had undertaken her education, to send her to the family estate in the country, "to wait for more happy days; to cultivate her moral faculties, and prepare her to meet reverses without fearing them, as well as to enjoy prosperity without being ambitious of it; according to the example of her parents, who have lived without reproach, and will die without terror."

Roland sought in flight security from his enemies; but his wife refused to go, thinking that, by staying and becoming herself the victim, she might turn aside the fury from her husband. On the 1st of June 1793, she was thrown into the dungeon of the Abbey, and afterwards removed to the prison of St. Pelagie.

During

During her imprisonment she composed some admirable "Memoirs" relative to the Events of the Revolution and to Herself. A few days before she was dragged to the scaffold, she said, "If Fate had allowed me to live, I believe I should have been ambitious of only one thing; and that would have been to write the Annals of the present Age, and to become the Macaulay of my country: I have, in my confinement, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to sleep till I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me that we see things in the same light; and that, in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style."

Let any person read attentively the works of her's which have been published, and they will be convinced that no one could so justly aspire to be the Tacitus of her age as Madame Roland. She had every thing at her disposal; profound knowledge of the times and of men, fecundity of expression, grace and vigour of style, correctness of understanding, strength of character, and the love of virtue: with advantages so rich, who could more worthily hold the pencil of history! Vain hopes!---vain regrets! Early in November, after an imprisonment of five months, Madame Roland was led to execution without a murmur, and received death by the guillotine with a truly heroic firmness and serenity; exclaiming, as she bowed before the statue of Liberty, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

On the 16th of the same month her husband privately left Paris, seated himself against a tree in an avenue about four leagues from Rouen, drew a sword from his walking-cane, plunged it into his breast, and died without the least change of his position.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XL.

[Concluded from p. 224.]

NEXT morning an old gentleman in a gray wig, who by his whole dress might have passed for an un-

fortunate journeyman parson, and who had observed a marked taciturnity the preceding evening, waited on me to breakfast. He had long been before the public, and, in the language of booksellers, was reckoned a good hand, that is, he could turn his pen to any thing; I was therefore glad to have a *tête-à-tête* with him, that I might obtain some knowledge in the mode of conducting a literary traffic. He began with dissecting all the party, both male and female, who had favoured me with their company to supper; and from him I learned, to my astonishment and confusion, that there was not an honest man nor a virtuous woman in the group.

This intelligence was like an electric shock to my nerves; but, although there might be bad characters in all professions, I consoled myself with the hope of meeting those that were good in future; and of being able, under my aged mentor, to select proper associates, and to find liberal purchasers of my works, in order to return again into the country as early as my business would permit.

Breakfast over, I produced my manuscripts, and begged to know to whom I should make the first offer of my novel.

"I flatter myself," said I, "that it will be found superior to the general run of such compositions, and that it would be a lucrative undertaking for any bookseller of credit and property."

"As to its being good or bad," said my friend, dryly, "a bookseller is seldom a judge of that:---he looks at the title---if it is striking, that is enough: he then examines the writing; if it is clear and distinct, he calculates that he shall have less to pay for printing and correction; and then, casting up the quantity, tells you at once how many sheets it will make, and what he can afford to give per sheet, which is sure to be little enough."

I was not, I confess, much gratified with this information, because it hurt my vanity to think that my labours were to be appreciated by a standard very remote from intrinsic excellence. Alas! however, I soon found that my

my guide had "set down nought in malice." After calling on a dozen different booksellers, I found his observations more and more confirmed by facts. One objected to my manuscript because I did not chuse to give my name; and, when I offered another to add my name, he said I was not sufficiently known to render it of any use. But it would be endless to repeat all the repulses I met with, and the mortifications I endured, in a morning's ramble of some hours. I began to think I must take my novel back, and boil my tea-kettle with it; but, after refusing three, five, six, seven, and even ten guineas, I was glad at last to part with the perpetual copyright at a guinea per sheet, which, from the mode of printing, did not amount to twelve; though it might easily have been spun out to double that number without any artifice.

Its success, however, was sufficient to encourage a person who possessed less fondness for scribbling than myself: it was frequently quoted in the public prints; and I met with abundance of flattery, in private, from some, especially those whom I could repay in their own coin.

But I have anticipated events, and must resume the broken thread of my narrative. Alas! from this period it presents nothing but a series of ills, rising in terrific form to my imagination, which still shudders at the retrospect.

I have already mentioned a comedy: by various expedients I got introduced to the manager of one of our theatres, who is now no more, and speedily explained my business. He eyed me with a familiar kind of leer; took the manuscript, and, just looking at the title, and running over the dramatis personæ, bade me call again in a few days, in which space he hoped to find leisure to examine it, and give me his answer. I did not much admire his manner; but he appeared civil, and, as my dramatic destiny must depend on him, I was not disposed to be captious.

It may naturally be expected that I endured some anxiety during this interval; and, when I waited on the manager again, I felt as much trepidation as a criminal would to face his judge. He saw my confusion, and, with a kind of waggish smile, told me my piece would do, with some alterations which he would suggest; and that he intended to get it up as soon as possible. I was ready to expire with pleasure; I scarcely knew what I said in reply. "But," continued he, "you must let me see you often, that we may concert measures to secure the success of the play for our mutual advantage; and it will be better to take lodgings near the theatre, that you may frequently attend it, and get acquainted with stage effect." With these words he presented me with a ticket for admission every night I pleased; and, giving me a squeeze by the hand, wished me a good morning.

I had intended to leave London early, but, now I was to rank among dramatic writers, I thought it prudent to comply with the manager's advice. I therefore took lodgings in a convenient situation, ordered my clothes and other moveables out of the country; and began to dream of nothing but rivalling a Cowley and an Inchbald.

It would tire you, dear Madam, and most probably distress you, too, did I enter into a detail of all the unpropitious circumstances which combined to render me the most miserable of women. The manager found occasion, day after day, to send for me, and to suggest some improvement or alteration in my piece: at each interview he grew more pointed in his attentions, and more familiar in his address. After much delay, the characters were cast, and given to the performers, and, of course, I became acquainted with all the heroes and the heroines of the stage, particularly with those who were to support the dignity of the comic muse in my own play. One of the actors was a young man of the most engaging address, and had received

ceived a liberal education. To a person of my romantic turn, I must confess his company could not be disagreeable; and so flattering, and, at the same time, so respectful, were his attentions, that it would have argued want of feeling rather than vanity not to understand him.

At length the play was given out for representation, and the evening arrived that was to raise or sink me for ever. I must allow that every exertion seemed to be made by the performers; but, having no friends or connexions to form a party in my interest, the hiss of contempt was so equally mixed with the clap of applause, that it was scarcely possible to determine which prevailed. Alterations and retrenchments were made the second night; but, after a sickly existence, my play just lived over the third night, and then expired.

The manager, who had used every art to ingratiate himself with me before, now became more explicit: he said I had put him to much useless expence, but hinted that I had it in my power to recompense him. I will not weary you with the particulars of his turpitude, which now became manifest: I had no friend to protect me at hand; and, can it be thought surprizing that I should accept the honourable offer of the actor I have mentioned, rather than listen to the odious addresses of a man of gallantry? In short, I was married to a person whom I have allowed to be pleasing, but of whose real character I could know but little.

The resentment, however, of the manager soon overtook us both: my husband was dismissed from his situation, the only dependence he had; and, having endeavoured in vain to obtain another engagement, after spending the little I possessed, I was compelled to write for bread. In this humiliating condition I met with so many insults and injuries from those who were fattening on my labours, that the recital would scarcely be believed by such as have never gained the painful experience I have done.

I became

I became a mother: this stimulated me to further exertions; but the only exertions I could make were with my pen, and, as the literary market is generally overstocked, I could barely procure a subsistence; and, to add to my misfortune, my husband, though possessed of equal or superior talents for composition, unhappily gave way to drinking, in order to deaden reflection; and soon fell a martyr to intemperance.

I was reduced to the last extremity; every moveable was sold to discharge the debts my husband had contracted; and I had the world to begin anew, with a poor infant as the only partner of my affliction. I laboured almost day and night to procure a subsistence, lodged in a garret, and lived on the humblest fare; but all my endeavours could not keep pace with my expenses: it was known I was miserable and in want, and was therefore obliged to accept whatever was offered for my productions. A rich or independent author may, in some measure, dictate to publishers; but a poor one, however meritorious, must submit to receive as a boon what another would claim as a debt.

Application, anxiety, and distress, impaired my health; I fell ill of a contagious fever, and, after lying several weeks in a state of insensibility, unknowing where I was, or who attended me, the strength of my constitution prevailed, and I began to come to myself. Alas! it would have been happy had I sunk under my illness. I found myself in the workhouse, and learned that my dear child had been seized with my malady, and paid the debt of nature before I was removed to this asylum of the miserable,

"Where all that's wretched teach the wretch to die!"

When sufficiently recovered, I resumed my pen, and write this from a garret. Numbers who have, perhaps, been pleased with my productions, are indifferent about the author of them; and I should literally have been starved

starved, before this time, had not one of my employers, whose humanity and benevolence forms such a brilliant contrast to the conduct of his brethren in general, allowed me a small weekly pension, whether I am able to earn it or not.

The detailed history of my life would fill volumes, and, perhaps, I could not instruct my sex more than by writing it; but, if this sketch has the effect, I intend, of deterring unexperienced females of cultivated minds and literary ambition from indulging a passion for scribbling, it will not have been drawn in vain. But for this I might have been respectable and happy, and found in the shades of domestic repose that bliss which has eluded my grasp in the restless pursuit of fame.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. VIII.

I WAS, for several following days, prevented, by a multiplicity of affairs, from hearing the remainder of Mrs. Chumney's story, and I feared she would attribute my long absence to wilful neglect; for, under degraded circumstances, every imaginary slight depresses the spirits equally with real calamity. In the afternoon of the day I made my first visit, Leonard took leave of us in a state of almost perfect convalescence; and, to speak truth, I was not sorry for his departure, as the visible alteration in Maria's manner, of late, had given me some concern: I did not doubt the rectitude of her heart, but I feared for its strength, when assailed by so interesting an object as young Somerton. Woolcomb also called to enquire concerning our health, and requested permission of Leonard to pay the same compliment to his sister, who I found had made some impression upon his mind: this was readily granted, and they went away together. The next morning

we

we received an early visit from Miss Somerton, who brought an invitation to dine at Rose Dale, which we accepted, as the Stanley family were included. Nothing material occurred during the day, except the increasing attentions of the young officer to Miss Somerton, who appeared in high spirits in consequence, and I perceived that Woolcomb was regarded favourably by the whole family; and I sincerely hope that Clara will so far control her idle propensities as to fix the approbation her personal advantages may have attracted. Woolcomb is of a good family, and in independent circumstances; frank and affable in his manner, and a young man who seems more likely to improve than corrupt her principles. Clara takes some pains to appear meritorious, and it shall be my most anxious care to convert the appearance into the reality, which I hope and trust will not be impracticable, as I look upon it her faults originate chiefly from inattention, and not any natural depravity. Mr. Somerton overwhelmed me with thanks for my attention to his children, and said so many gallant things upon the occasion, as created some good-humoured raillery on all sides, and the day passed away very pleasantly. The next morning I sent Maria, with the servant, to purchase some articles at the market town, and I walked over to the cottage. Mrs. Chumney received me with an appearance of satisfaction, and her little one renewed her caresses: after the morning salutations were mutually exchanged, I requested a continuation of her narrative, which she immediately complied with.

"I left the house of my patroness," said Mrs. Chumney, "with tears of regret and secret anguish: I had previously secured a lodging at the other side of Hyde Park Corner, to which I immediately repaired, and assumed the name of Chumney. Being a tolerable needle-woman, I made no doubt of getting a decent livelihood by applying to the shops; and, as I had positively refused any pecuniary assistance from my lover, I knew the exertion of my talents would

would be absolutely necessary to provide against approaching expenses, and I resolved not to write to him till I had every thing comfortable about me. A few mornings after, I accordingly walked into town to make the necessary application: the first shop I went to was one where I was formerly known, and from whence I expected a preference in consequence; but, upon my entrance, the first object I encountered was my sister in deep mourning. She turned her eyes upon me with a look of ineffable scorn---I approached her with the extreme of terror.

"For whom do you wear that dress?" She replied, with the most cutting coldness, "For my father."

"My father, too!" I exclaimed, as tears of agony stole down my cheeks.

"Yes," said my sister; "and a dutiful child you have been to him!"

"Oh! say, inhuman as you are," cried I, interrupting her, "did he forgive me?"---"Never," she returned, with a vacant unfeeling stare. I clasped my hands in anguish, but made no reply, and she left the shop without deigning me another sentence: I returned home, but I was incapable of completing the little task of work I had undertaken. A low nervous fever preyed on my spirits, and impaired my constitution, yet I lingered, in the hope of recovering, till destitute of necessaries: pride will fall before the approach of severe want. I wrote to Henry, requesting some pecuniary assistance: he came to me immediately, seemed shocked by my appearance, and arranged my affairs so as to afford me the prospect of present comfort. Oh! how gratefully did my heart feel this kindness, for I knew that the assistance he afforded me must greatly inconvenience himself: yet I felt a secret dissatisfaction at a belief which rose in my mind, that I owed his attentions more to pity than affection, and his departure from town, soon after, confirmed my opinion; for, though he desired I would not fail to let him know when I was in any distress, he seemed to express himself with an indifference

difference that wounded my feelings most painfully. He was young, dissipated, and versatile: my personal attractions had vanished at the approach of sickness, want, and disgrace---I was no longer an object of desire; and, alas! the unhappy circumstances I have related prove how unworthy I was of esteem; and the reproach comes with aggravated keenness from the object upon whose account we have incurred it. Perceiving that I was now become a mere incumbrance, I permitted him to depart without recalling to his memory one transaction that could seem to bear the shadow of an upbraiding; and taught myself to consider this calamity but as part of the punishment I had deservedly incurred. The most laudable motives will not justify the breach of our sacred duties; and I was most righteously become the victim of my own generosity, for still loving with the most extreme fondness. I considered the loss of his regard as the extent of my misery: hope had hitherto deluded me, and a weak confidence had induced me to form romantic ideas, which now vanished like an idle vision. Who forms expectations without virtue to claim, or reason to sanction, deserves disappointment; and I bowed submissive to the Hand which corrected my arrogance. I was expecting daily to give birth to our unfortunate babe, whose innocent smiles would prove at once my delight and reproach. Oh! Madam, what a situation was mine!---the fate, perhaps, of too many others, who, yielding to the weakness of their hearts, sacrifice fame, competence, and happiness, to the gratification of an imprudent attachment, to entail disgrace and opprobium upon innocence, and to have the fondest emotions of maternal love embittered by the agonizing consciousness of guilt."

Mrs. Chumney seemed too much affected to proceed with ease; and, as I could not be long absent from home without breaking the usual order of my domestic arrangements, I begged her to defer the remainder of her story till the next morning, and returned home.

(To be continued.)

FREDRICA.

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

[Continued from p. 235.]

WE travelled without any interruption through the forest di Attena. Francisco seemed sad, and spoke little: about sun-set the elements assumed a threatening aspect, and I feared an approaching storm. Francisco entreated me to shelter in the hut where we had first met with him; and upon our entrance, to our infinite surprise, we found it had been recently inhabited. Francisco turned pale.

"We are not safe here," said he; "we must brave the tempest; for some of the banditti have made this secret spot their resort."

He had scarcely spoken, when three armed men rushed from a back entrance, and secured us, not without violent opposition on the part of Francisco, who was well armed: he was, however, soon overpowered, and, amidst the horror and confusion that prevailed, I fainted; when, recovering, I found myself on a small pallet bed, in a loft: my hands were tied, and my clothes stained with blood. In this dreadful situation I remained near an hour: I groaned with anguish, but all was profoundly still without. In a few moments I heard a sort of creaking noise at the door, and, dreading some fresh insult, I threw myself on the bed in an agony of distress: the door was soon after opened, and Francisco entered, covered with wounds. I should have screamed, but he motioned me to be silent, and begged to know if I was capable of following him. I got up immediately, and with part of my dress made bandages for his arms, for which he seemed exceedingly grateful. I followed him down the ladder in silence, and through a room where two sleeping ruffians were bound.

"These miserable wretches I could have destroyed," said Francisco; "but my nature is repugnant to shedding blood, if our escape can be effected without it. I hope we shall find our horses in the forest; if so, we can perhaps reach the Convent in safety, where you will find shelter till day break, and justice shall be roused in pursuit of these miscreants."

He then informed me, that, imagining him exhausted from loss of blood, they had bound him but slightly, and, after rifling his pockets, had thrown him into a cave in which his father had formerly kept provisions, and which Francisco had himself dug.---"In this cave," he continued, "I found some papers that may hereafter be of service to me, and which my father has long supposed lost." [These papers, I have since learned, were some letters, which had many years back passed between an attendant of the late Marchioness di Attena and her lover, nor could I then imagine them of any consequence]. "By the utmost exertion, I broke the cord with which I was tied. Knowing well the method of fastening all the doors, I easily made my way through, with the utmost caution: the band of robbers had, however, dispersed, and I found it no difficult matter to secure those who remained, overcome as they were by fatigue and inebriation. I have provided myself with proper weapons of defence, and we must now quit this forest with all possible dispatch."

I required little urging in this case, and danger lent me new strength. We gained the borders without interruption, where Francisco procured me admission, and requested me to wait his return from L——, whither he would immediately repair for some officers of justice. Two days elapsed without his appearing, and I began to fear that my preserver had fallen a sacrifice to the vengeance of the banditti. On the fourth day a stranger demanded to speak with me. I repaired to the grate, where, to my infinite astonishment, I beheld my Genius. I asked hastily for Francisco.

"He

"He has returned in safety to the Castle, madam," said my unknown visitor: "he apprised the Baroness of your situation, who, apprehensive for your safety, wishes you to delay your return till this disagreeable affair is terminated satisfactorily."

"And, pray," said I, "how is it that you are messenger upon this occasion?"

"My eager desire to see you, madam, after your recent danger, made me rashly presume to come into your presence thus unwished-for: besides which, the Baroness has charged me with a commission which I tremble to make known to you---it is the alternative of a perpetual residence within this Convent, or her full favour and friendship, by placing yourself under my protection."

He ceased, and I looked at him with unconcealed disdain.---"And, pray, Sir, is the Baron or Fernando apprised of all this?"

"Both, madam, believe a cloister your choice; and Fernando, in consequence, has placed his inclination under the direction of his mother."

"Enough, Sir," said I: "since Fernando can so easily relinquish me, a cloister shall be my choice; and, oh! could my poor father have foreseen the persecutions his child would undergo, surely his hand would have terminated the existence of both, rather than have consigned me to such improper protection!"

The stranger seemed affected to tears, and, by my positive command, withdrew. I was well aware that much treachery must have been practised; but, as I plainly saw that the Abbess was wholly in the secret and interest of the Baroness, complaint or opposition was useless: I therefore prepared myself for a life of devotion, and declared my intention of taking the veil, which intention the Abbess strengthened by every pious exhortation. To do her justice, she was a sensible, feeling woman, and represented to me the particulars of my situation with such energy and tender assiduity, that she succeeded in bringing me to look

with tranquil composure upon my future destination. In this manner the year of my novitiate passed away: every thing was prepared for the awful ceremony that was to separate me for ever from the world, when the stranger again appeared at the gates; and, with breathless trepidation, begged to know if the ceremony had commenced. He was no sooner admitted, than he gave me a letter. It was from the Baroness, entreating my pardon for all that had passed, and requiring my immediate presence at the Abbey. I looked thoughtful and irresolute.

"So much as you have been already imposed upon, madam," said my visitor, "I cannot wonder that you are suspicious; but, believe me, the cloud of mystery in which you have been so long involved is about to be removed. The Baron is dying, and your presence is absolutely necessary: every thing has been done with a view to your advantage; and the approaching explanation will either bring to me an extreme of happiness, or banish me from you for ever: under this dubious character I will say no more."

"I have now, Sir," I replied, "brought myself to look with little concern upon the affairs of this world. It is true, a Convent would not have been my choice, had not persecution driven me to it: but now that I have reconciled myself to it, and expect no happiness in any other state, I would wish to remain undisturbed in my vocation; however, if my appearance once more in the world will benefit any beside myself, I am willing to sacrifice some portion of my own peace to that purpose."

My unknown counsellor assured me that I should not have cause to repent my confidence in him, and I consented to accompany him. After taking an affectionate leave of the Abbess, who loaded me with blessings and caresses, and assuring her that I should soon again seek an asylum within her peaceful mansion, I stepped into the carriage which was in waiting. Little was said during our ride: when the gates of the Castle presented themselves to my view, a

thousand

thousand painfully fond recollections rushed upon my mind, and my full heart vented itself in tears, which, in great measure, relieved my spirits from the extreme of agitation, and prepared me better to support the scene I was about to witness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XV.

Prudens versus reprehendet inertes.

HORACE.

THE two following communications form such a striking contrast to each other, that, perhaps, their several merits can never be more obviously ascertained than when they are exhibited together.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE INSPECTION SOCIETY.

SIR,

WERE there no other proof of identity than the hand-writing of the present, you would immediately recognize a person, who, a few months ago, troubled you with a petition; enquiring your opinion of the fair Miss Calliope. I had, for some time previous to that period, paid her my devoirs---Oh! Sir, I found her what Heaven might wish for---superior to all the little artifices of the sex---her mind all perfect---an epitome of every virtuous accomplishment, and her beauty such as angels might envy. Captivated at first sight, I knew not whether by the irresistable charm of female loveliness in its *ne plus ultra*, or the transcendant blaze of every perfection which can exist in the mind. Inferior, very inferior, in every respect, long time I pined in secret, and feasted on common civility: at length, Heaven the thought inspired, I determined to

urge my passion; reflecting, that she, who was superior to every one, must have such an exalted notion of perfection as to think lightly of her own merit, and judge favourably of that of others. The design succeeded: her soul was too generous to torture a lover, or deny the privilege of a hope, provided the pretensions were founded in virtue. As this was my object, it gave me the highest pleasure to find that Calliope and I were of one opinion, and I lived only in the hope of making her mine for ever: but one day reading, I know not where, that Love veils the foibles of its votaries, I began to think upon the subject; and when the passions had a little subsided, and I recovered, perhaps, the full exercise of my faculties, I questioned my reasoning powers whether these charms, which dazzle the eyes of every beholder, and turn the brain into a sweet delirium, were but the effects of a disordered imagination, or arising from an innate perception of the true principles of beauty? Self-love preponderated the balance in its favour.

"Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
"Reason's comparing-balance rules the whole:
"Man, but for that, no action would attend,
"And, but for this, were active to no end."

I could as well suppose the extinction of passion, as of reason; for, in fact, I believed the former only a necessary consequence of the latter: and, as a confirmation of my opinion, Miss Calliope was beloved, admired, and toasted by every one. Thus I gained the point entirely to my wishes; and I was just priding in the conclusion, when your Paper on Witchcraft made me doubt the rectitude of my decisions. I fluttered about the point without determining upon any thing; Passion and Reason had a severe conflict: the latter happily gained the assendancy, and I was resolved to solicit your opinion; which I was aware would "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice;" yet your rigid severity in bringing every action to the standard

standard of virtue, and admitting none to be so but from the most indubitable evidence, made me tremble lest you should have mistaken the motives of the deed. Your opinion I shall remember till time shall put a period to my existence: it ran thus---"*Miss Calliope is what a woman ought to be: her passions are subservient to reason; for all her actions are but the emanations of a fount of virtue inherent in her soul.*" Can you conceive, Mr. Touchy, with what rapture I received your sentiments, so congenial to my soul? Be assured, I have now a higher sense of your merit than it was heretofore possible for me to possess. Let envious guilt deny your coercive authority, because you decide by an impartial analysis; yet those who love virtue will ever esteem you as the guardian of all that is dear to man, and the just scourge of those vices which are most inimical to the happiness of society.

Just after receiving your opinion, I inadvertently dropped the circumstance to my lovely Calliope. Full of affection, with tenderness glistening in her eye, and every grace sporting on her cheek, she applauded my conduct.

"Now am I sensible that you love with a virtuous flame: I need no further proof of your sincere affection. You went to the source where our minutest actions are carefully registered, determined that love should not blind your reason, and perhaps make you miserable for life. Oh! William, how greatly has this enhanced your value!"

I will detain you no longer, Sir, than to say, that, owing principally to the excellence of your institution, I have made the happiest choice; and am enjoying that felicity with Calliope, which will suffer by every metaphor lower than that of its being the foretaste of Heaven, and the effects of a virtuous and well-grounded affection. And may your society, which is the ruling mirror of the female sex, flourish through time, and rise a glorious incense at the throne of Heaven.

I am, in every bond of gratitude,

Stainton, Sept. 1801. SEDENTIO.

TO

TO MR. TOUCHY, STOCKTON UPON TEES.

SIR,

THE circumstance of the inclosed being found upon the desk of my poor unfortunate brother, leads me to believe that it was intended you for publication.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CLARA P——.

Scarborough, July, 1801.

DEAR TOUCHY,

You have undoubtedly many correspondents, who have very powerful claims on your attention; yet perhaps none more than the ingenuous confessor of a crime---of a vice the most diabolical in nature. It has a powerful interest to recommend it; I have erred---fatally erred; and the victim of my cruelty will appear at the court of Heaven, and confront me. Alas! I am miserable and wretched; but this is a part of my punishment---the world shall hate the ground on which I tread: but my heart is not a rock of adamant; compunction and remorse create a very hell within me---Ah! me! I would give---yea, if I had ten thousand worlds---I would give, freely give them all, and the treasures they contain, to ease the burthen of my iniquity; but worlds cannot purchase what a quiet conscience gives---peace of mind.

Beauteous as the vernal rose, Ophelia grew beneath a tender mother's care. An humble cottage was their mansion, but the cottage of Ophelia was more reverenced than the palace of an Emperor: the village swains were ambitious of gaining her friendship, for her mind was as affable as her face was beauteous. I chanced to pass that way---oh! fatal, fatal hour!-- I could not resist the influence of her charms---I longed---I blush to own it---I longed to ruin her! My words were smooth as oil, and well-feigned flattery wore the garb of Sincerity: oaths were not wanting to accomplish my purpose---Ophelia fell, alas! too weak a prey! The tender maid believed my sighs, my tales of love.

She

She owned she felt a mutual flame. Oft at midnight have we walked in yonder copse, where I urged an ungovernable flame, and the wish to grant her independence, by sharing my fortune: often did her virtuous soul resist my temptations, and she resolved to see me no more. Lured by the love of gold, a mother's heart was incensed against her; she insisted on her daughter's giving me her hand---Oh! God, what could virgin innocence do!---I had raised emotions which she could not quench---I was again admitted to her company. Versed in all the arts of seduction, and determined on my object, I swore eternal fealty, and called---oh! sacrilege---the Heavens to witness the purity of my intentions.---Just as the bell struck one, in the thickest part of the grove, I perpetrated my base design; robbed Ophelia of her virtue, and fled! The rose soon ceased to adorn her cheek; Grief and Shame soon triumphed there, and spread their sallow dye over the countenance of fallen virtue!---I sported with her misery, and joined in the slander which flew in thick vollies round her name. Doomed to penury and shame, she bore about with her the hated badge of illicit love. Life grew insupportable: Ophelia could not bear the idea of bringing into the world an infant doomed from its birth to beggary and want, and which might have a pretext to err from example. She determined on the mode---wrote a line to tell me her impending fate. Quick as lightning I flew to the place: but, alas! Ophelia was no more!---she had plunged into the briny wave, and her organs imbibed death. Oh! the torments of a guilty conscience!---the death of Ophelia and her infant are placed to my account in the Book of Fate. I will copy you the letter——"Dear"——Oh! no!---accursed is my name---I cannot copy it---I enclose it: let it bear testimony against me, and let the injured Ophelia's ---------."

Here the letter, bedewed with tears, terminates---A weeping sister will write the rest. He wrote not another line: the ink of the preceding ones was yet wet. The report of a pistol alarmed the house---alas! it was

Henry,

Henry, weltering in blood---I lifted a dying brother in my arms: death rattled in his throat, and, with his eyes fixed, as if intent on some object, he clasped his hands, muttered with the last remains of breath ---" Spirit of the injured Ophelia, pardon false Henry!" and expired.

C. P.

We hope the perusal of the above two epistles cannot fail to impress what we uniformly wish to inculcate---the love of virtue, and hatred of vice: in the one we view a youth conducting himself with prudence even in love, and determining his choice, not by the captivating charm of a beautiful face, but that of a polished mind, and which has led to the happy issue of a mutual felicity. In the other is pourtrayed, alas! too truly, a *Bon Vivant* of the present day, whose honours are scars on female reputation, and whose trophies are the sighs and tears of fallen virtue; which is no sooner lost, than its late possessor is cast off as worthless, and undeserving the least regard.

We shall ever continue to put the ladies on a proper mode of defence against the duplicity of a gallant, as a duty incumbent on the task we have proposed to ourselves; and we shall also furnish the means of detecting a coquette: those who are virtuous have nothing to fear, and those who have other objects in view will ever find reason to regret that there is a check upon licentiousness in the *Inspection Society.*

T. S. Soc. Sec.

Stockton upon Tees, Oct. 1801.

P. S. A course of Lectures on Female Education will be delivered the ensuing winter, at the Assembly-room in Stockton; the first will be given the first Wednesday in November. Admission, *A Good Character.*

A DESUL-

A DESULTORY THOUGHT.

WOMEN are like Metals: we may do with them what we please; but they must first be melted. And who, that knows their value, would take advantage of their natures to destroy them!

A RAINY-DAY.

[Translated from the French.]

——"'TIS a rainy-day, and prevents our enjoying the sweets of Nature," said Maria: "write upon it."

"Yes," said I, "I will; and the nectar of thy soft lips [on which I at that moment feasted] gave birth to sentiment. I regret it is a rainy-day, in as much as it deprives me of the pleasure of enjoying that company which I prefer to the name of a Bonaparte, Ah! yes, an age of fond embraces and tender tales of love are flown for ever! never---never more to return! But what shall I say? what can I do? I must bow beneath misfortunes, and, by suffering, conquer them. Continue but to feed that spark of hope which glows in my bosom, and I would not exchange situations with an Emperor. Every time I see the name or the person of my beloved, a sensation thrills through the soul, which those only who are capable of loving to an excess can form an idea of. To the happiness I experienced yesterday,* you can only add that of your hand, at the altar of Hymen: your heart, your affections, I already possess---blush not, my dearest, to own it---it will ever be the first and most powerful impulse, which can rest on the mind unchangeable, for me to prove that my highest glory and am-

* The time when he obtained a formal consent.

bition

bition will be to render myself worthy of your charms. It is you, you alone, who can influence the weather for or against me; and, were I not afraid of your suffering by the comparison, I would style you that fine ether which influences the barometer of the passions. If you smile, the mercury stands at joy or fine weather; if you frown, it descends even to storms or despair; reserve answers unsettled weather; but in kindness, the fluid ascends to the top of the tube. Be assured, then, my adored, that I prefer sunshine and rain, only as they shall be the means of adding to the felicity which the dearest of all beings is alone able to give; and in such cases only do I prefer either: it is your company and conversation which creates sunshine in the soul; therefore if, literally, fair or rainy weather add five minutes more of your company to that which in the other case I should have enjoyed, it is that state of the atmosphere which, of all others, I covet, and esteem the most; and which will continue so long as Maria shall be sensible that the most fervent and faithful of friends and lovers are centered in the person of---Maria's, for ever,

N. B.

Versailles,
Under Maria's own roof, on her desk and seat,
July 22, 1801.

P. S. The translator is very sorry he has not been able to transfuse the *naivete* of the original into his piece: its beauties are such, that he could not help exclaiming with Le Fevre---

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dictaret amor, risusque jocique,
Et cum germanis gratia juncta suis?

O. Y.

Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 1801.

THE

THE COTTAGE OF LOVE.

Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels.

MILTON.

IT is in the arms of sympathetic affection, in the bosom of domestic retirement, that the tenderest dispositions of the heart are unfolded with such transporting endearments. Where is the female possessing the least sensibility, whose tender bosom has not heaved with painful solicitude for some beloved object, to whom she might pour out her whole soul, on perusing those natural sketches of connubial felicity which several popular authors have so feelingly described? Does not an exquisite sense of the want of something to be kind to, embitter the pleasure which would otherwise flow from such a delightful contemplation, when heightened by the inexpressible transports of mutual love? A passion, which, if it does not immediately inspire, yet it predisposes the breast for its reception; and produces a train of corresponding emotions which never fail to subjugate the heart, and render it susceptible to the impressions of a genuine and lasting affection.

If, then, the simple portraiture of an innocent and sympathetic attachment still retains one particle of its primitive influence, let not an interesting representation of domestic happiness lose its effect; but let anticipation fire the bosom with a just abhorrence of every species of impropriety of conduct, whilst at the same time it stimulates to a love of virtue, which alone leads to permanent felicity.

Partially secluded from the world, in a picturesque situation, partaking more of the beautiful than the romantic, on the fertile banks of the river Tees, stands a neat little dwelling, nearly overgrown with honeysuckles and

eglantine, known amongst the neighbouring inhabitants by the heartfelt appellation of the Cottage of Love---the delightful abode of Leander and his beloved Cleora. There is a something peculiarly operative on the affections in the pleasing aspect of rural nature: how often, on contemplating this peaceful habitation, so advantageously situated amid a beautiful variety of surrounding scenery, meadows in the highest state of cultivation, whose gentle undulations are tinged with the sweetest flowers of every scent and hue, with here and there a spontaneous hawthorn, whose mingled blossoms dispense their balmy fragrance; distant prospects of valleys, woods, shrubberies, and, withal, the serpentine windings of the river through a tract of landscape beautiful as the vale of Tempe, or whatever poets feign of old Arcadia;---how often have I gazed on the lovely prospect till I felt my heart glow with the tenderest emotions---an inexpressible kind of pensive satisfaction, which prompted an inward wish that my good fortune should suffer me to repose my declining years in the lap of such a sweet tranquility, encircled within the arms of an affectionate partner!

Love, pure and unalloyed, exists but in privacy and solitude; secresy and silence nourish the flame, whilst the fond lover assimilates the charms of the beloved object with the surrounding beauties. Shady groves and murmuring streams, on whose sedgy banks we can wander uninterrupted, ruminating on the pleasures of the past, or anticipating the prospects of the future, soften the heart, and render it truly susceptible of that refined passion. Ah! then, how delightful is it to participate this happiness with the object of our affections! This alone is ecstacy; this, truly,

Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.

COTTON.

Blest

Blest with a moderate fortune, Leander sought not to increase his paternal inheritance by sordidly accumulating a heap of riches; to acquire which, he well knew the sacrifices he must necessarily make, and how dangerous a superfluous mass of wealth would prove to his virtue, in which alone he centered all his hopes of happiness. How much is the inward complacency of that man to be envied, whose desires are always proportioned to his abilities! Early in life he obtained the hand, and---excellent gift!---the heart of his amiable Cleora. Ten years have now elapsed since first the lovely girl encouraged his addresses; and yet have they never suffered any of those corroding passions which too frequently agitate the breast and deaden every sense of enjoyment, ever to disturb the uninterrupted serenity of their happiness. Inhabitants of two adjacent villages, a three years' intimacy could not but make them familiarly acquainted with each other's dispositions; yet their respective knowledge on this head was obtained by means very different from those which more ordinary lovers pursue. A mutuality of esteem engendered a mutuality of confidence; whilst a congeniality of disposition prompted them to disclose every feeling of the heart, and to impart, as well as the tongue with its feeble organ of speech could impart, the delightful sensations they experienced in the society of each other. Bias, gratitude, admiration, hope, and all the tender solicitudes of genuine love, conspired to transport the enraptured pair into the fairest scenes of elysian happiness. It is true, their notions of love were in the highest degree romantic; but, then, they were not indulged without the most sanguine hopes of realizing their expectations. Conscious of their own worth, they sought not to captivate the hearts of those with whom they associated: ordinary charms were displayed in ordinary company; they lived but for each other. Coquetry and reserve were terms equally unknown; anticipation constantly representing the ecstacies they should experience when their souls should be united

in the rapturous bonds of sympathetic love, they studied so to augument its endearments, that, when the mind should fondly recur to those precious moments on which they gradually unfolded a mutual passion, retrospection might not retrace---delicious satisfaction!---one unpleasant circumstance, one painful remembrance, to embitter their future happiness.

At length the day arrived when Leander reached the summit of his wishes: Cleora, bedecked with innocence and modesty, accompanied him to the village church; smiles of affability sporting on her countenance, like the playful rays of the setting sun on the bosom of the western ocean. Children, beautiful emblems of love, strewed their paths with flowers; and old men and young, in the midst of the village, festively drank, over their nut-brown cups---The most unbounded happiness to the inhabitants of the Cottage of Love.

Ah! Love, it is to thee mankind are indebted for all the ecstacies of domestic happiness, all the living sympathies of Nature! Thou art, indeed, that delicious drop which inflames the soul of man with every thing that is exalted ---that dear delirium irradiating with heavenly influence the dull monotonous mass of torpid insensibility.

And, now, in infinite felicity live Leander and Cleora, who, blessed in each other's affections, taste, with a zest peculiar to innocence, all those exquisite and pleasurable sensations which alone can proceed from a happy union of mutual love. Hymen has crowned their superlative felicity with two lovely pledges of affection---Henry, who inherits all his father's virtues; and Mary, the mirror of her mother's loveliness.

Each returning day is big with additional happiness: love, devotion, benevolence, music, and literature, alternately occupy the moments; while

> ---------- Every day,
> Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm;
> The father's lustre, or the mother's bloom.

...Infant

....Infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought;
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind;
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit; and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

Say, ye callous souls, ere yet your hearts are steeled to the impressions of virtuous love; say, what do you find in all your scenes of gaiety and dissipation, falsely denominated pleasure, so delightfully interesting as the contemplation of a reciprocity of love, happy within the circle of a numerous train of domestic affections!

The summer evenings of Leander and his family are usually spent in a small recess, tastefully erected at a short distance from his house. To this place, which is sacred to love and friendship, I privately retired, a few evenings since, to surprise them rather unexpectedly. The enraptured pair were contemplating the surrounding magnificence of Heaven with the liveliest emotions of gratitude; and deducing from the various beauties the most natural and obvious truths, to impress the minds of their little innocents with a just sense of the goodness of their Creator. There is a peculiar efficacy in the mild serenity of an autumnal evening, which softens the heart, and renders it tremblingly alive to the impressions of sentiment. The conversation soon took a different turn---every mind has a congenial subject to which it fondly recurs. Cleora's features were unusually animated as she enlarged on her favourite topic. "The mind," said she, "seems to possess a natural sense of the pleasures of domestic happiness, the delights of which, Milton, in his incomparable poem, has illustrated by a reference to the refined transports of Paradise; nay, one would suppose that Nature afforded no other simile expressive of its raptures, which most of

our poets have exemplified by an allusion to that state of genuine felicity. Thus my favourite Cowper:

> Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
> Thou art the nurse of Virtue---in thine arms
> She smiles; appearing, as in truth she is,
> Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again."

Features which glow with a corresponding expression indicative of every sentiment, give an inexpressible charm to conversation. 'Tis expression which adds gracefulness and energy to language, and bespeaks, beyond the power of words, the sincerity of the heart, which sanctions with approbation the utterings of the voice.

Reader! enviest thou the ecstatic enjoyments of this happy family? Does thy fond bosom heave with anxious perturbations, lest thou shouldst never participate with some amiable female the delicious transports of wedded love? If thou art in some degree conscious of that "aching void" which tortures the breast of sensibility, when deprived of the lovely object of its first attachment---restrain every intemperate desire; let not the impetuosity of youth betray thee into follies, the very recollection of which may ever embitter thy future happiness: let no licentious passions sway thy heart, or tempt thee to violate those sacred principles which influence a genuine and disinterested passion; but remember, that the greatest impediment to permanent affection, is, the indulgence in criminal pleasures; as the rapturous emotions of love can only be experienced in the breast of innocence, and when the tender affections of the heart are solely centered in one object.

DELIUS.

PARALLEL

PARALLEL BETWEEN WIT AND BEAUTY.

[BY M. LE PREVOST D'EXMES.]

TWO divinities have always divided the homage of mortals. Formerly they offered incense to them under the names of Apollo and Venus: they are now honoured under those of Wit and Beauty; although their attributes appear different, their perfections only shine conspicuously when united in the same object. Apollo was represented young and beautiful as Love: they ascribed to Venus as much wit as Minerva---too much pretension is hurtful to both. Apollo presented himself to Daphne, boasting his own qualities, but could not make her sensible of them. Juno and Minerva, as beautiful as Venus, lost the prize by their haughtiness: their rival possessed a milder, captivating air: the shepherd Paris adjudged the apple to her.---Wit alone possesses the power to delineate beauty, and beauty alone inspires wit. But for the immortal verses of Homer, we should be ignorant that the charms of Venus lay in her miraculous girdle. Without the attractions of Delia, Tibullus would never have sighed those elegiac verses worthy to serve as models to poets, whose object is sentiment.

Jealousy persecutes both Wit and Beauty; but it suffices for Beauty alone to appear and triumph; and the appearance of Wit, on the contrary, is enough to irritate Jealousy. Psyché, whose charms seduced even Love himself, disarmed by her softness the wrath of Venus, who was jealous of her. Osiris, who taught man the most useful art, that of agriculture, fell under the persecution of the jealous Typhon, and obtained but the homage that was his due after death. The power of beauty is prompt or instantaneous: that of wit more durable. We regret no longer beholding Europa, whose irresistible attractions caused her to be run away with from the coasts of Phenicia: we shall always have the pleasure of conversing with Anacreon, the

the most amiable of all the poets. The Metamorphoses of Apollo and Venus are innumerable. We formerly beheld the first under the figure of Homer, Pindar, Virgil, and Horace. In less remote ages he has successively taken the features of Tasso, Ariosto, Milton, Pope, Corneille, Racine, Metastasio, and Voltaire. Venus, too, has also had her changes: she formerly appeared under the form of Cleopatra and Berenice; and, since that time, under the form of Agnes Sorel, Diana of Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estree, Fontanges, and other beauties, whose merits we know: in these she charmed the greatest kings and the wisest princes. It were to be wished, that the glory of the above-cited beauties were as pure as it might be. The immortality that wit and beauty procure ought to have virtue for its basis. Helen blushed for her celebrity: she saw herself despised after the burning of Troy, of which ruin she was the cause. The Titans, who enlightened the universe, tarnished their brilliant reputation by declaring war against the God of Thunder, who destroyed them. The Graces are pleased to accompany wit as well as beauty: they inspired La Fontaine in his fables, which are inimitable. Ninon de l'Enclos owes equally to them her fine and delicate sallies which made her society so desirable, and which became a charm capable of fixing men the most inconstant.---Oh! you, to whom Nature has granted the gift of wit or beauty, and who aspire to the immortality which La Fontaine and Ninon enjoy, never separate from the Graces; and you shall obtain, like them, the homage of mortals.

Your well wisher

J. T.

A TALE.

ONE morning in Spring, as I was walking alone, filled with the admiration which all the beauties of Nature inspire, I was roused from my reverie by some menacing

cing cries and complaints which I heard at a short distance. I approached, I listened, and I overheard a woman severely chiding a child. I immediately went up to her, and enquired the cause of her anger. "Sir," said she to me, with earnestness, "this child will kill me with anxiety and vexation: the more I love him, the less he answers my expectation and cares. I am not happy; I am never easy except when he is in my arms; and the ingrate always shuns them. When I reproach him with my tenderness, he embraces me; then leaves me in an instant for his toys: he runs, he plays, he jumps. I fear every moment that I shall lose him," added she, bursting into tears.

"Madam," said I, "your affliction is your own work. Why expect reason in an infant? why have him like one of your own age? It is for you to accommodate yourself to his: study his taste, join in his sports; let him find in you a companion rather than a governess. The curiosity and fickleness natural to childhood will sometimes keep him away from you; but he will never fail to return, if he shall find in you what he cannot find any where else. It is only in the enjoyment of the most unlimited liberty that he will know how to compare and appreciate your cares and your indulgence. Tenderness does not command---it insinuates itself. Do not use bonds with that child: the strongest chain which you can use to keep him near you, is, pleasure."

She listened to me in silence, and I left her with a recommendation to follow my counsels. A short time after, I passed by the scene of this conversation, and enquired what had become of the good woman and the child.

"Exactly what you foretold has happened," answered one of her neighbours. "The child, kept under too great restraint, availed himself of the first opportunity, as soon as he was able, to fly a tenderness which was to him a cruel slavery; and the mother pines away in unavailing sorrow."

I then

I then enquired the name of this interesting and unhappy lady, as also the name of the child: I was told in answer, that the one was *Love*, and the other *Jealousy*.

ON ATTEMPTING TO SUPPLY THE DECAYS OF NATURE BY THE ADVENTITIOUS AID OF ART.

VANITY is, doubtless, one of those impelling incitements which are neither to be repressed nor restrained; or we should not have the opportunity of observing so many proofs of its influence, when every trace of beauty is totally decayed.

How often do we see age and decrepitude imitating the fashions and manners of girls of sixteen, and, instead of rendering itself respectable by a gravity of deportment, endeavouring to attract the attentions of every man it meets! Corinda is one of those ridiculous characters that appear only to live for the purpose of being admired; and, though she cannot have had any pretensions to beauty for these five-and-twenty years, seems to fancy, that to captivate she need only to be seen. Her complexion, which was never remarkable for its transparency, time and dissipation have totally destroyed; yet this defect is supplied by a variety of cosmetics, and every wrinkle covered by a coat of paint. Her hair, which age has completely silvered, is entirely concealed by an auburn wig; and her teeth, which were tinged with a hue of sable, have been compelled to give place to those which are proof against decay. I shall not attempt to describe the variety of encroachments upon the privileges of Nature which are frequently made, but shall merely observe, that these artificial attractions always defeat their design, by being too palpably displayed.

Every season of life has its separate enjoyments; the imbecile sports of infancy give place to the lively joys of youth;

youth; and these are succeeded by those refined gratifications attached to manhood's more exalted state. Nor is age devoid of its pleasurable sensations; for, though they may be less exquisite, they are more confined; and a well-stored mind supplies the place of variety, and proves an interesting source of entertainment and delight. But when folly and fashion counteract the designs of Nature, and vanity becomes the concomitant of age, it loses all claim to regard and attention, and becomes an object of ridicule, rather than esteem.

This excess of vanity, and proof of weakness, is not peculiarly attached to either sex; and many instances might be brought to prove the truth of the assertion, and to prevent the censure from being merely confined to the Fair. Philander has passed his grand climacteric, or, in other words, has numbered his five-and-fiftieth year; yet his chief attention is devoted to the care of his person, and in surpassing his cotemporaries by a display of his taste. He, doubtless, possesses those elegant accomplishments which give an air of fashion and an appearance of ease; and his manners are formed upon the Chesterfield principles, which seldom fail to captivate and please.

As Time has begun to shower his frosts upon him, and the ebon colour of his hair is changed, a black-lead comb is forced to counteract his influence, and the ruddy glow of youth is supplied by paint. His person, which he thought might have vied with the Grecian Apollo's, is now obliged to submit to artificial aid; and the elegant turned calf is ingeniously constructed, so as to supply the ravages which years have made.

How despicable, in the eyes of a rational being, are those characters which appear to have no higher purpose or aim, than to make themselves attractive by an elegant appearance, instead of establishing their credit upon an exalted name! What can be more mortifying to a mind of sensibility, than to know it is admired merely because it can entertain? It seems to place human nature upon a level

level with puppets, who, for the sake of amusement, are placed upon the stage. As we all must retire from this theatre of action when the trumpet of Death proclaims our defeat, we ought to lay up a stock of those virtuous propensities which will be the means of reconciling us to the gloomy retreat; and, instead of suffering our thoughts to be devoted to the allurements of vanity, place them upon a more permanent and gratifying scene.

MODESTY.

IN whatever situation a man is placed by birth or fortune, modesty is a treasure which he ought to preserve with the greatest care: this virtue will protect him against a great many faults; it will even throw a veil over those into which he may fall. Modesty is a faithful companion, who will support him in his journey through paths always deceitful, and apt to mislead him from happiness. It is an Ægis, that will repel the shafts of envy; a precious varnish, that will give brilliancy and value to talents. It is the sign and the principle of true courage, which it always directs to the public good. One of its most admirable effects, is, to force envy into silence, and render its efforts unavailing. Should a man of great merit be vain, he will have but feeble pretensions to the love and esteem of the public, who fear subjection under him: the modest man, with equal or perhaps less brilliant talents, is sure of uniting every suffrage. The former only obtains applause by snatching it, as it were; the latter receives it before it is asked.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

HISTORY, travellers, romances, have extolled the beauty of the Circassians, and yet they have not exceeded the truth. The world has for a long time regarded beauty

beauty as an imaginary being---a mere arbitrary existence. The supporters of this extravagant idea have sought to justify it, by saying, that what is handsome in the eyes of one nation is not so in the eyes of another; that a Chinese beauty would be as little attractive in France as a French beauty in China: the beauty of the Circassians is an answer to this mode of reasoning. These women are beautiful in the eyes of all nations; they are sought after in all parts of the world: they bear the sway in all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that union of pleasing features, that just proportion in all the parts of the body, that freshness, those brilliant colours, that *tout-ensemble* which cannot be defined, but which yet exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men pay it homage.

This is almost the only point of view in which the inhabitants of Circassia, a country between the Caspian and the Black Sea, deserve to fix the attention. It may be easily conceived, that a people who consider woman as a mere article of merchandise cannot make her their companion, nor see in marriage an indissoluble union. The Circassians, accordingly, have several wives, and change them at pleasure: the first wife, however, still retains over the rest a pre-eminence, of which she cannot be divested, and which she preserves till death.

This first wife, who is generally of extreme youth, is purchased, like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale. They never enquire from whence she comes. If they ask the name of her parents, it is only to learn whether she be of a race pure and renowned for its beauty. The ordinary price of a fine Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

THE SCRUPLE.

PASSING through a street the other day, my attention was suddenly struck by a feeble exclamation of "God bless you!" I turned back---it was the voice of an old man, who had taken his station for charity on the opposite side of the way: he was thanking a young woman for something she had given him; his eyes were raised to Heaven---how I envied the blessing!---His aspect was venerable, and his hoary locks proclaimed that he had buffeted the storms of dreary life a considerable time: he had certainly seen better days. Numbers of the thoughtless votaries of Folly passed by without taking any notice; those who happened to look that way gave him a sneer of ineffable contempt. I saw he pitied them, and crossed the road.

"Pray, my good man, inform me of your story, if it will not be troublesome?---it must needs be a distressing one."

"If it will give you any satisfaction," replied he, "I will repeat it willingly."

He thus began:---"My father was a merchant of some eminence in the city of London; but an ill-timed speculation swept away the fruits of thirty years industry: he gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired into the country. In a few months news arrived that the person in whose hands he had placed his little property had failed, and embarked for a foreign country. Scorning to ask assistance from those who once knew him, he procured a subsistence by working as a labourer; I also was employed in the same capacity. Fatigue, and the reflection of his former circumstances, soon ended his existence:---he died of a broken heart! My Eliza soon followed him: a fortnight, and the consummation of our nuptials were to be realized. Oh! God, what stores of happiness my fickle imagination had treasured! Still I was left to skim the surface of this unthinking world: my worn-out frame will not now

now permit me to earn my livelihood in any other manner but this wretched one."

Nature had made several efforts to intrude during the recitation of his simple narrative: she now succeeded. My hands were forced mechanically to my pockets---I turned them out---there was nothing in them but a new shilling---it was the gift of a departed friend:---I gave him my word it should never quit me---it must be weighed, said I---Justice lent me the scales---I threw friendship in one---it was heavy;---I dropped duty and compassion in the other---something fell with them, which helped the preponderance considerably: however, there was no occasion for it:---the scale struck the ground---I threw the shilling in his hat, and took hold of the hand that was at liberty:---it was hard, very hard; yet the piercing glow of gratitude had already penetrated---I pressed it; his eyes met mine; our hearts beat in unison, and I walked hastily away: he did not thank me, but his look was worth fifty thanks.

F.

Sept. 1801.

THE BEGGAR.

IS it impossible, then, to enjoy the pleasure of a walk in the season of the flowers, and the joys of all nature, without being, at the same time, disgusted with the picture of human misery; without being persecuted with beggars; one more hideous than another? Such was the sentiment which occupied my mind when I was accosted by an unfortunate wretch, who stretched out his hand to me.

"Madam! dear Madam! pray---nothing!---the least assistance for my poor sick wife!"

"I have nothing for you."

"She must die, if not relieved!"

"I have

"I have nothing for you, I say," and I quickened my pace, in order to get rid of further importunity, when I heard these words of sorrow escape the lips of the poor old man.

"Ah! you who cannot bear to hear even the recital of my sorrows, judge what must be my lot who suffers them!"

Affected by this apostrophe, and somewhat ashamed, I stopped; I returned a few steps, and, putting a piece of money into the hand of the Unfortunate, who little expected it, I said to myself---I have done wrong: this will make amends. I then walked on, and, throwing my eyes around me, I found the flowers more fragrant, the day more bright, and the promenade more agreeable: and all these suggested the following reflection: "It is, true then, that when people are content with themselves, they are content with all nature."

LES TETES A PERRUQUES.

THE *Perruquiers* of Paris even excel our own in the luxury of their shops. They would think it derogatory to the dignity of their art to exhibit their *chef d'œuvres* on a plain bust. To the beauty of features, to symmetry of form, most of them add all the elegance of the toilette: one dazzles the eye with the splendor of earings, another with the richness of her necklace; here is a shawl which seems to cover an alabaster bosom only to mark its shape more distinctly; there a Greek or Roman drapery happily unites the sober style of the antique *costume* to the elegant frivolity of a modern head-dress. Every where the eyes are deliciously seduced by the charm of the illusion, and, to make it more complete, the colour of the hair is most studiously adapted to the complexion. To render the attraction irresistible, these busts are generally perfect likenesses of our finest women:---strange that their vanity should be flattered by making them serve for a sign to a wig-

wig-maker's shop! This fashion has given rise to the following anecdote, which may be deemed authentic.

A young man came every day to the window of a *Perruquier's* magazine, where he remained several hours at a time in a species of contemplative ecstacy, heaving deep sighs, and making all the gestures of a distracted lover. The *marchand* remarked him two or three days in succession: he had a wife, a very handsome woman, of whom he was not a little jealous, and instantly entertained suspicions, which he lost no time to clear up: he accordingly took the first opportunity to accost the young man, and desired to know the cause of his constant visits. After some hesitation, the latter acknowledged that he was in love with a woman whose portrait was in the shop, but that, not having it in his power to see the original, he beguiled his melancholy in contemplating her adored image. The *Perruquier*, either from generosity, or to get rid of this troublesome visitor, immediately made him a present of the bust, which was accepted by the lover with transports of joy.

TO A FRIEND DURING THE AUTHOR'S DISTRESS.

[An Ode translated from the Spanish.]

EVERY thing changes: good succeeds to evil: the dark night replaces the sprightly day, and in the cup of Pleasure cruel Fate presents us with tears.

The tree changes its blossoms into fruits for the Autumn; it braves the icy breath of the northern wind, and the sombre Winter, bringing in his train Dulness and Gloom.

The summit of the verdure-stript mountains pains the eye; the dry leaves flutter in the whirlwind; but April advances adorned in her new clothing.

If the sun, darting from the vault of Heaven its flaming rays, penetrates the bosom of the earth with its genial heat, suddenly a black tempest covers the sky, and deprives us of its consoling light.

What day so uniformly bright as to pass away without clouds? Who, then, can flatter himself that he shall be always happy? What mortal has laboured under such constant sorrow as never to have experienced consolation?

Every thing changes. If I lose my fortune to day---if cruel Fate oppresses me---the Muses, in this reverse, do not withhold their treasures.

Oh! Menale, the real goods of life---health, integrity, liberty, and innocence---dwell neither with flattery nor riches.

Would I be a Cæsar, would I be a Crœsus, and should I attain my wish, would I then be found more great and happy? No!---upon myself alone depends my greatness, or my littleness---my happiness, or my misery.

No! my friend; no! you shall never be troubled with my feeble complaints. He who rose yesterday, fell to-day; he who rose to-day, may fall to-morrow.

The star of day flies with the night into other climates, but the morning soon announces his return. A moment of good fortune may exalt a man to that summit of greatness from which he deplores his fall.

Fortune is my enemy to day; it may be my friend to-morrow; and, as it cannot deprive me of your regard, I despise its frowns:---it shall never overcome me.

THE MARRIAGES OF ROSINE.

[Anecdote from the French, by the Count de Rosieres.]

I PAINT the marriages of Rosine, and trace a circle of pleasures and errors, and detail enjoyments and troubles. Ye inexperienced hearts that begin to feel, profit by

by the events I place before you, in order to acquire the treasure of prudence. Enchanting sex! created for the happiness and charms of humanity, interest yourselves for my Rosine; let her misfortunes find pity in your sensible souls: I write for you alone, and your suffrage shall be my best reward.

The Marchioness d'Ermance distinguished herself at Paris as much by her wit as by her agreeable manners. Her society was sought after by those who were not so happy as to enjoy it, and extolled by all those whom she admitted to it.

After ten years' marriage, a daughter was her only title to the appellation of mother, on which precious pledge she bestowed her tenderest cares. With what solicitude did she cultivate her infant mind! Rosine, at twelve years of age, passed for a prodigy; music, dancing, all the accomplishments of her sex, were already familiar to her: her mother had it in contemplation to place her, according to custom, in a convent. Such is the corruption of Paris education, that women immersed in the gaieties of fashion separate themselves from their daughters at the period of their youth---at a moment when their passions ferment in their bosoms, when those of the best quality have the greatest want of the advice of friendship, and the light of experience. Rosine was, then, subject to the general custom: she entered into one of those sorrowful asylums, which conceal so many tears and torments. What a difference for her between this new habitation and the hotel of the Marchioness! She had already had tender proposals, and comprehended the flattering language of men; her little heart had more than once felt the weight of their praise: she knew nothing of all this among her austere nuns; she only beheld pale faces, and individuals the victims of remorse: she read in their countenances this despairing destiny---*Here for ever*---written by the hand of remorse. The society of her companions was, however, during her first year, her only resource; but, what is there to

be

be learnt among girls of the same age? Romances fell into her hands; a complaisant sister furnished her with this dangerous poison: with eagerness she perused it night and day; her too ardent imagination was easily led astray.

She conceived the world was, in reality, such as they paint it in books; that all lovers were faithful and charming: the distant magic in which she beheld things gave her still greater aversion for grates and parlours; she sighed for her eighteenth year, which came at last. Her release from the convent was to her a triumph: she re-entered on the theatre that she quitted in her youth; every thing appeared to her as then changed and enchanted. Her mother introduced her to the theatre and public walks: at first, she was under the charm of illusion; the praises lavished on her for the gracefulness of her person appeared to her passionately bestowed, and always sincere. The Marchioness d'Ermance expressed her wish of establishing her.

Rosine soon sought amongst the men, who surrounded her, him who, according to her notions, was to make her happy. Anxious to find the idol which she had created for herself from the pamphlets of the age, she thought she found him in Chevalier d'Héricourt. He was the (*Coriphée*) Lovelace of fashionable circles, who joined exterior agreeableness, brilliant advantages, to the celebrity which gave him his title. Fatigued with the lowness of his conquests, he wished to finish his course by that of Rosine. The friendship the mother had for him was a motive more likely to his being accepted: she remarked the inclination of her daughter, and she judged her capable of fixing him---of restoring him to reason and constancy. But d'Héricourt was no longer susceptible of attachment; his easy and rapid conquests had dried up his heart; he only thought, by marrying, to obtain an agreeable house; to render his condition more independent: he had forgot the sentiments of love; he knew only its pleasures: he saw them

them in the possession of Rosine; these were the reasons that determined him.

He was now considered as her future husband; Mademoiselle d'Ermance felt an increasing regard for him: he strengthened this growing regard by his wit and seducing manners; he inflamed her romantic imagination: it was a novelty to him to submit himself to so new a mind, to revive the latent spark of his first desires. The marriage was solemnized, and Rosine quitted the house of the Marchioness for that of her husband.

The first week was consecrated to tender caresses; the Fairy of Enjoyment but too illusively blindfolded the eyes of Rosine. Contrary to general custom, she gloried in her husband, and wished him to accompany her every where: d'Héricourt, for the novelty of the request, at first consented; but, as his heart was not of the party, he soon felt a constraint in it. His wonderful reform is already talked of, and the chains he had received from the hands of a child. The *elegants* and women of *note* spoke of him as a man interred, who was realizing the fable of Baucis and Philemon. His self-love was concerned in it, and he saw nothing but ridicule as the consequence of his conduct; this consideration alone caused his relapse into his former light and changeable character: the charms of Rosine had fetched some sparks from his impaired heart, but this ephemeral fire was soon extinguished.

At this time the Duchess of —— was in high favour at court; some years before, she had shewn a partiality to d'Héricourt: diverted by his adventures, thinking little of advancement, he had studied the brilliant rather than the solid. In the present instance, the credit of the Duchess appeared to him sufficiently weighty to obtain for him the regiment which he solicited, and the reception she gave him confirmed him in his projects: he recollected the many instances of regard she had at different times shewn him, and he with pleasure saw their apparent renewal.

He

He was not mistaken; the Duchess had for some time wished to draw him to herself: the circumstances in which he found himself, appeared to him only the more favourable to his vanity. She wished to see d'Héricourt, to intoxicate him with grand projects of ambition, knowing very well that he was no longer a being capable of love.

Rosine, at length, began to notice the long absence of her husband: he made use of a thousand pretexts to her, which at first appeared plausible, because in the evening she always found him the same: he had spoken to her of the Duchess as of a woman, seeing her power, from whom he might expect much: she was far from suspecting her as her rival. Finding herself alone, one morning, at breakfast, with d'Héricourt, she could no longer hide from him her inquietudes.

"My dear friend," said she, "I must open my heart to you. Alas! it is always tender, and the same to you: what do I say?---you are, if possible, still dearer to me every day: what greater proofs would you of my love? Speak; you see me all submission to sacrifice even myself to save you pain. From whence, then, proceed these moments of coldness? ought you to hide them from a woman whose soul is only your's? Unfortunate that I am! If another object be the cause---dear husband---tell me this fatal news. Kill me on the instant: death would be less terrible to me than the slow poison of jealousy."

She would have continued in this distracted tone had not the Chevalier interrupted this discourse.----"My Rosine, I am ten years older than you; I know more of the world and its usages; you have seen at the commencement of our union my love equal to your's: be assured, it has not degenerated from what it then was. Older than you, my imagination has less effervescence: it is not in the nature of man to be at all times equally sensible and attentive; the infancy of a passion is consumed in exclusive enjoyments, in perpetual assurances; afterwards the truth, and foundation of sentiments, remain: but, as we reckon upon both,

both, absence of mind becomes more frequent; and one ought not to be alarmed at things which the laws of society authorise. If you saw me yesterday at the theatre in the Duchess's box, it was, as I have often told you, because she can do much for us: I think you wrong yourself by fearing her in the sense which you speak to me of her: your youth and charms ought to be your sure guarantees. Live tranquil, my dear Rosine; dispel those idle fears; behold in men and women all that is amiable: I have no fears in giving you this advice. Your manner of thinking is well known to me; may mine be the same to you; may you, for your happiness, rely as much upon my fidelity as I shall upon your's."

All these phrases had but little weight with Madame d'Héricourt; they appeared to her almost wholly dictated by inconstancy: a secret presentiment forewarned her that the Duchess was the cause of her unhappiness. She knew the self-love of her husband: such a conquest had dazzled him; he had taken the first step to infidelity: she was forgotten---sacrificed.---These ideas drowned her in tears.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NECESSITY OF CIRCUMSPECTION IN THE CONDUCT OF FEMALES.

Exemplified in the History of Emily Davenport.

IT is a common observation, and I believe a very just one, that it is easier to reclaim by example than to direct by advice; for, whilst we are listening to the account of error or imperfection, we frequently feel they are applicable to ourselves.

Though the opinions of an individual may not be thought of consequence in society, yet, if they are not dictatorial, they may persuade or impress; and, though the general manners of the age may not be altered by them, some few amongst the number may possibly be reclaimed.

To

To the subversion of that dignity which once marked the female conduct, seduction and divorces may doubtless be ascribed; for, when delicacy and constraint are both exploded, can we form a favourable opinion of the mind? The present manners of females are liable to misconception, and the volatility of youth may be construed into the depths of design; it must, therefore, strike the mind of every rational individual, that some alteration ought immediately to take place.

I have frequently heard a complaint amongst the ladies, that the conduct of our sex has been entirely changed, and, instead of that solicitous attention to gratify their inclinations (and which proved they were thought objects worthy of being pleased), a total indifference, or churlish incivility, proves they are no longer regarded with respect or esteem. For these complaints there must be some foundation, and there likewise is some for so singular a change; and may we not ascribe it to that volatility of manners which degrades the females of the present age? I do not mean to condemn that sportfulness of fancy which excites pleasure and promotes ease; neither would I recommend that formality of behaviour which must repel civility, and can never please; but I would have reserve, combined with cheerfulness and constraint, repel every encroachment upon respect: we might then hope to see the sex restored to their original rank in society, and becoming estimable both as women and wives.

If the manners of young women are tinctured with that degree of levity which neither excites esteem nor respect, can we be astonished if the libertine should presume upon their folly, and either wound their delicacy or impeach their fame? Were the opinions of Cæsar* to be strongly inculcated, and impressed at an early period upon the

* This great Roman observed, that it was not sufficient that he should know his wife to be virtuous, but that her conduct must be such as to make the world believe so likewise.

youthful

youthful mind, how few females would be likely to adopt that mode of conduct which might tarnish their reputation, or lessen their esteem!

Beauty is exposed to so many animadversions from the weak, the wicked, the envious, and the vain, that the conduct of those who are endowed with the possession ought to be more circumspectly cautious than those who possess no charms either to attract or inflame; and many a character has been injured from a levity of manners, which would otherwise have preserved an unsullied fame.

Emily Fitzosborn was the daughter of an officer of some distinction, who lost his life in the service of his country and his king, and who had always lived in that expensive style of elegance that left but little for the support of his widow and child. The company with whom Emily had hitherto associated, if not of the most libertine, were certainly of the gayest kind; and the brilliancy of conversation was frequently supported by remarks that would have disgusted a truly delicate mind. The slightest encroachments upon the rules of propriety ought, invariably, to be treated with resentment and blame; for the woman who can applaud an infringement upon delicacy, lays the foundation for dishonour, and erects a standard against her fame.

Whatever were the general opinions entertained of her character, the protection of a father prevented them from being disclosed; but, after his death, all restraint was banished, and each fancied that his passion would only be transiently opposed. Though Mrs. Fitzosborn was under the necessity of making a total change in her establishment, yet, through the assistance of her connexions, she still lived in a genteel line; and her house was a receptacle both for the idle and licentious, whose chief object of pursuit is the destroying of time. Amongst the number of young men whom this inconsiderate parent suffered continually to be lounging at her house, was one of the name of Davenport, who possessed a high sense of honour, and a cultivated mind. The attractions of Emily Fitzosborn

were of that transcendant quality, that it was difficult to behold them with a heart unmoved; Davenport's bosom soon acknowledged their influence, and he unresistingly became her slave.

Though, by the death of his father, he was completely independent, and possessed a fortune of nearly two thousand a year, yet the deference he paid to the judgment of his surviving parent made him anxious to obtain her sanction in the choice of a wife. Mrs. Davenport was one of those strictly virtuous characters that are not apt to make much allowance for the levities of youth, and who thought the slightest infringement upon propriety ought to receive the most pointed marks of disesteem. Her son's attachment to Emily report had rumoured, long before he thought it could have been disclosed; and, when he expressed a wish of obtaining her approbation, he found his long-cherished hope entirely deceived.

"In chusing a wife, my dear Frank," said this judicious parent, "remember, that you are selecting a companion for life; therefore your tastes and inclinations ought to be reciprocal, or the event must be productive of indifference or strife. Your heart is formed for domestic gratifications, and your enjoyments arise from rational pursuits; but the object you would select is incapable of such refinements, for her heart is as cold as her mind is vain. Some apology, I allow, might be offered for her vanity; but what can be said in favour of her levity and caprice? Since the death of her father, has she not constantly been surrounded by a swarm of young men, with whom it is a disgrace to have been seen?"

Davenport felt the justice of his mother's observations, and resolved to remonstrate with Emily against her dissipated mode of life; but she treated his arguments with such lively sallies of wit and good humour, that, in spite of all her imperfections, he resolved to make her his wife.

Three months flew away in an uninterrupted scene of gaiety, and, though Davenport's passion still subsisted, he saw

saw little to call forth his esteem; for the love of admiration was conspicuous in every part of Emily's conduct, and appeared to influence every action of her life. In vain he remonstrated against her encouraging the attentions of a set of licentious young men, whose vanity might lead them to impeach her fame, and who frequently boasted of receiving favours never granted, from an impulse of folly more than a wickedness of design.

In this situation Davenport was circumstanced, when a letter unexpectedly arrived from the East, informing him, that, by the death of a distant relation, he came into the possession of property which amounted to thirty thousand pounds, but that, to assert his claim, it was necessary he should appear.

To subject the woman whom he loved to the inconvenience of a long passage, when the identifying his person was all that would be required, appeared to Davenport an act of selfish gratification, unbecoming a man of liberal mind; yet, to leave her surrounded with every temptation to which youth and levity could be exposed, appeared to him a circumstance so completely dangerous, that he at first resolved to resign all pretensions to the gold; but, upon Mrs. Davenport's proposing to reside with her daughter, he conquered his repugnance, and immediately set sail.

Emily and her mother-in-law were such opposite characters, that there was little probability they would assimilate or agree; and the continual round of gaiety which the former would engage in, was at length the means of inducing them to divide.

Amongst the number of characters to whom Davenport had objected, was a Captain O'Hara, an officer in the guards, who, to all the impudence which is frequently attached to his countrymen, possessed a handsome person, nad a captivating address. This man had been a principal cause of those dissentions which at length terminated

in a violent dispute, and which induced the unthinking Emily to despise that protection, under which, by an affectionate husband, she had been placed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WITTY REBUKE.

A LATE Earl of D——h joined the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, and was so violent for the destruction of that acute minister, that, returning one day from the House of Commons, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it---here in my pocket."

"What have you there?" inquired his Lady.

"I have," replied he, "the HEAD of Walpole in my pocket."

"Then *put it on your own shoulders*," said his Lady.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

Sept. 23. MR. Lacy, junior, made his second appearance* before a London audience, in the character of *Sir Philip Blandford*, in *Speed the Plough*. We cannot flatter him on the performance, as coming after Mr. Pope; but we think there are capabilities in Mr. Lacy, which, if called into action in original characters, might exhibit him to better advantage.

30. Mrs. Beverley (wife of Mr. Beverley, who made his first appearance last season in *The Rivals* at this Theatre)

* He performed *Hamlet* one night last season.

performed

performed the part of *Cherry*, in *The Beaux Stratagem*. She is an agreeable figure, has a pleasing countenance, and exhibited an archness, vivacity, and ease, that shewed her to be qualified to occupy a very useful department in the Theatre.---By the bye, there are several indelicacies in this pleasant Comedy, which loudly call for deletion.

Oct. 3. MRS. BILLINGTON (after an absence of seven years) made her re-appearance at this Theatre, as *Mandane*, in *Artaxerxes*. Mrs. B. has been for some years in Italy; and has there acquired science, taste, and judgment, without adopting the ridiculous and disgusting mummery of the Italian stage. Without exception, she is the best singer that we remember to have heard in an English Theatre: and she has never failed since to attract crowded houses.

8. A new Play was brought forward, called "INTEGRITY," the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented:

Herman, Mr. H. Siddons; Albert, Mr. Brunton; Edward, Mr. H. Johnston; Woolstan, Mr. Murray; Uncle of Albert, Mr. Cory; Waiter, Mr. Blanchard.——The mother of Herman, Miss Chapman; Julia, Miss Murray; Helen, Mrs. H. Johnston; Flora, Mrs. Mattocks.

The scene appears, from the character of the costume, to be laid in Germany.

It opens with a family group, consisting of Herman, a young lawyer, his mother, and sister Helen, who are dependant upon him for their support. He is the hero of the Piece, and from his tried integrity it takes its name. The means by which his rectitude of mind is put to the test form the principal scenes. He is represented as having successfully pleaded the cause of Woolstan, a brave but distressed soldier. His celebrity next induces a wicked uncle to seek his assistance to defraud his nephew Roland of his fortune. This proposal he spurns with contempt, under circumstances of the severest pressure. They

are interrupted by the arrival of Albert, the lover of Helen, who proves to be the very Roland whom the uncle sought to disinherit: he had assumed the name of Albert, to avoid the search of his father, from whose unnatural treatment he had fled. This discovery completely destroys the uncle's hopes, who retires, and, in revenge, procures the banishment of Herman and Albert, upon a false charge. Arrived at the boundaries, Herman is overtaken by Edward, a youthful friend, naturally good, but led astray by the vice and folly of the world. He brings him the reversal of his sentence, his innocence having been discovered, and conducts him to a neighbouring edifice. This proves to be the house of Julia, a lady whom he had seen and loved in early youth, whose image had never been absent from his mind, who had procured the reversal of his sentence, and who, declaring her love, proposes to put herself under his protection. Conceiving her a married woman, for such she was when he first saw her, he rejects the flattering offer. From this state he is soon relieved by an assurance of the death of her husband, who is also the father of Albert. There is, therefore, no obstacle to their happiness, or that of Albert, in whose favour, Edward, who was a lover of Helen, renounces his claim.

Had it not transpired that this production was a translation from the German, there could have been no difficulty in tracing it to that origin. We cannot venture to ascribe it to any particular author of that school; but it bears more characteristic marks of the genius and manner of Iffland, than of Kotzebue, Schiller, and other popular dramatists. There is nothing romantic in the characters of the piece (unless we were to suppose that a lawyer of incorruptible integrity is not to be found); and, although the incidents are sometimes destitute of a just connexion, there is little in the probability of them to shock the judgment.

Herman is, in truth, a phenomenon. He is unawed by the threats of power, deaf to the blandishments of flattery, and

and triumphs over the fascinations of beauty which he adores. He prefers truth and justice to professional eminence and riches; though almost in the extreme of poverty, will take no fees for supporting a just cause, and will not undertake a bad one; and he loves independence so much, that, though he sees his mother almost starving, yet he will not suffer her to take a pension, to which she is entitled by the services of her late husband: indeed, the whole play consists in a series of temptations upon the virtue and chastity of the immaculate advocate. The sentiments are of the noblest and most edifying kind; and, if they sometimes superabound, it should not be forgotten that they uniformly tend to meliorate the most valuable relations of social life. If the poet has drawn a character which is Utopian in the present general depravity of manners, none will presume to say that he has delineated one which should not exist.

In the other parts we find imitations of real life depicted, certainly not with those masterly touches that move the secret springs of the heart, and melt the soul to compassion, but sketched with sufficient discrimination and energy to interest the audience in the business of the scene.

What we have chiefly to object to, is, the immense scale on which the author has constructed his fable. The conclusion is inadequate, in neatness of discovery and unity of effect, to the expectations raised by the first three acts; and he seems to have been confounded by the multiplicity of events which he had undertaken to bring forward. Of course, the *denouement* is hurried and abrupt.

The language is in general both correct and animated. Who the translator is we do not know; but we are inclined to think well of his talents; for there are some passages evidently not translation, which are among the best in the Piece.

Mr. Henry Siddons made his *entrée* in the character of Herman, which he performed with great feeling and discrimination.

nation. This gentleman, though young, is an evident adept in the mimic art; and every part of his action, voice, and demeanour, bespeak the school in which he received his education. He alternately reminds us of his uncles John and Charles Kemble, whose manners and tones of voice he appears to have carefully studied. His features bear a striking resemblance to those of his mother, and in stature and shape he is not unlike his junior uncle. In the passages which required delicacy of expression he was particularly successful, and was throughout much applauded.

Mr. Cory, from Drury Lane Theatre, also appeared for the first time on these boards, in the character of the Uncle. It certainly does not afford a sufficient scope for his powers of voice, which are uncommonly extensive; but the character was justly conceived and delineated by him with good effect.

The other characters were very ably sustained by H. Johnston, Murray, Brunton, Waddy, Blanchard; Miss Chapman, Miss Murray, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Mattocks.

The Prologue was little more than an intercession with the audience in favour of the novelty of the night; not the play, we believe, but Mr. Siddons. The Epilogue, a dialogue between Miss Murray and Mrs. Mattocks, turned upon the comparison between a theatre and a mirror, in which they exhibited individuals from different parts of the house with such point and humour, as produced loud plaudits. It here follows:

DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin---Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Murray.

Julia. That the stage is a mirror we all know for certain---
Flora. Yes, Ma'am, it is written so over the curtain.
Julia. What a charming LARGE glass! 'tis no wonder the Graces
So often come here to behold their fair faces:
It takes in all follies, copies ev'ry complexion,
And you'll all of you own, there's fine room for REFLECTION.

To-

To-night, on its surface, with wonder you saw
An honest, plain-spoken, young man of the Law;
He refus'd a rich fee.....

Flora. And a beautiful lass.

Julia. And, as all this you only beheld in the glass,
We're come just to look if perchance we can see
The person reflected...sure, that can't be he!

Flora. That,...no, Ma'am, he sits with his muscles so steady!
A body might swear that HE'S married already.

Julia. That spruce man in black....

Flora. With sharp nose and wide stare!
No; HE'd refuse nothing that came to HIS share.
Stay...yonder...pray, Ma'am, will you just move your fan..

Julia. As I hope for a husband, you've found out the man.
By those features, I'm sure an ingenuous youth,
Who vastly admires honour, candour, and truth:
By those eyes, half cast down...no, I'm WRONG, I confess...

Flora. Lord, Ma'am, HE'S admiring HIMSELF and his DRESS!

Julia. Well, it's strange we can't find...yet the reason is plain...
To look but for ONE such an hero were vain;
Our glass reflects MANY who virtue revere,
And virtue can never be singular HERE.
May its beams oft illumine the mirror before you;
May its blessings diffuse their best influence o'er you;
While Folly, abash'd, shall retire at the sight
Of the worth that's reflected from YOU ev'ry night!

[EXIT.

Flora. So much for REFLECTIONS...ere I bid adieu,
I'll leave a most pleasing reflection for YOU:...
'Tis, that plenty shall crown ev'ry year with increase,
While from war's dreadful toil our lov'd heroes shall cease,
And receive their reward in the bosom of PEACE!

[EXIT.

This Play, however, was laid aside after the second night.

14. A new musical After-piece, in Three Acts, called "THE ESCAPES," was produced for the first time, the ters as follow:

Count Armand, Mr. Incledon; Michelli, Mr. Fawcett; Antonio, Mr. Townsend; Daniel, Mr. Simmons; Semos, Mr. Atkins; First Officer, Mr. Hill.——Constantia, Miss Dixon; Angelina, Miss Howells; Marcellina, Miss Wheatley; Bridemaid, Mrs. Basters.

The

The scene lies in France, and the events of the Piece are supposed to have happened during the administration of Cardinal Mazarine in that country.

Count Armand, a member of the parliament of Paris, disapproving of some measures of the Cardinal, presumed to express his censure; but, the resentment of the Minister being seconded by his power, the Count and his wife are obliged to fly. A proclamation had been made, setting a reward of 6000 crowns upon the Count, taken alive or dead. In this situation they are protected by Michelli, a water-bearer. The Cardinal's Italian guards, eager for the reward, trace the Count to Michelli's house. By the advice of Michelli, the Count puts on an old night-cap, gets into bed, and passes for the dying father of the water-bearer; and Constantia, the wife of the Count, for the water-bearer's daughter. Antonio, the water-bearer's son, is going to a neighbouring village to be married, and the Countess takes the pass intended for Antonio's sister, and accompanies him. The description of the pass does not correspond with her person, and she is opposed in her hopes of getting over the draw-bridge. The Officer, however, at length suffers her to pass. Michelli then appears with his water-carriage, but is not suffered to pass the bridge. The soldiers, suspecting that he knows the retreat of the Count, offer him a thousand pounds to discover it. He pretends to comply, persuades them to go into the guard-room, and select all the determined men they can find, to assist in seizing the Count. While they are gone, he opens his cask, which contains the Count, who issues forth, and passes the frontier. Antonio, the water-bearer's son, leads the Count and his lady through bye ways to the cottage of his intended father-in-law. The soldiers, still in pursuit of the Count, reach the same place. In this extremity the Count hides himself in a hollow tree. Two of the soldiers, who were smitten by the Countess, supposing her to be Michelli's daughter, lie in wait for her; and,

and, when she comes with a basket of food for her husband, who remains in the tree, they seize her with intentions of brutal violence. Her screams induce her husband to break from his concealment, and he is consequently discovered, and taken into custody. As the soldiers are dragging him away, Michelli appears with a pardon, and the Piece, of course, has a happy conclusion.

No theatrical production ever received greater justice than this does in the representation. In the *Water-carrier*, particularly, Fawcett was extremely entertaining: Incledon, Townsend, and Hill, likewise, had parts which they filled very respectably.

In the first two acts the Piece is very lively, the plot managed with address, every incident natural, and every scene diverting; but the *denouement* is brought about very abruptly, and the conclusion of the Piece is not equal to the beginning.

In the dialogue there is a good deal of point. The sentiments given to the Captain of the Guard are not only those of a faithful soldier, but of an accomplished gentleman.

The scenery is neat and picturesque; and the whole of the decorations afford an additional display of the liberality of the Manager.

The music is part by Cherubini, and part by Attwood; and, if not wholly original, must be allowed to be throughout very pleasing.

16. Mr. Gibbon made his *entrée* as *Verdun* in *Lovers' Vows;* but, with *Munden* in our recollection, it was not very easy to feel ourselves satisfied with the performance. At the same time, we think that Mr. Gibbon has talents which will on a future occasion entitle him to our praise.

19. *King Richard the Third* was produced, for the purpose of bringing Mr. Cooke forward in a character from which he has heretofore acquired some reputation. Our readers may remember that we last month stated the circumstances of a disappointment which the public had experienced

perienced from Mr. Cooke's absence at the opening of the Theatre.

A numerous audience was collected, and a general impatience and anxiety seemed to prevail. Before the Tragedy began, Mr. Cooke came forward with a countenance strongly significant of alarm and solicitude. In a moment the generosity of the English character burst forth, and he was received with shouts of applause. At length a deep silence prevailed, and he addressed the audience to the following effect, and nearly in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: with the most painful concern I feel myself under the necessity of apologizing here for the first time since I had the honour of appearing before you."---Here Mr. Cooke was interrupted with a loud cry of "Off, off," from the galleries, mixed with plaudits from the boxes. Every part of the house seemed to take an interest in the business---all was tumult and confusion. Silence being restored, Mr. Cooke proceeded:---"When I left London, I had no permission to be absent on the opening of the Theatre; but I had many reasons to think I should not be immediately wanted. The letter which Mr. Harris sent to me, did not reach Manchester until after I had left it; and, when I did receive it, with no possible exertions could I have been here in time." Here another interruption took place, but not so great as the former. Mr. Cooke continued----"The events since, you well know: I can only say, that I am sincerely sorry for what has happened; and, though I may fail of success, it shall be my most earnest endeavour to deserve it."

This address was followed with shouts of *bravo, bravo;* and Mr. Cooke retired amid loud and almost unqualified applauses.

We have before expressed our admiration of the beauties with which Mr. Cooke embellishes this arduous character. He this evening gave to the *costume* of the part a new and appropriate effect, by wearing armour in the fight of Bosworth field.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
3
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OCT

Morning Dresses for Nov.r 1801.

Kep. Milliner Pall Mall.

Evening Dresses for Nov.r 1801.

Wirgman, Dress Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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OCT

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A chip bonnet trimmed with dark blue ribands. A plain white muslin dress, with a short cloak of the same, with full sleeves, and a single lace ruff. Straw-coloured shoes. York tanned gloves.

2. A pink muslin bonnet trimmed with white ribands, and a gown of the same. A white muslin cloak. Pink shoes, and white gloves.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A head-dress of yellow and white muslin trimmed with white lace, and white and yellow feathers. A dress of yellow muslin, with a loose robe trimmed with white muslin and lace. The shoes white leather, trimmed with a yellow riband.

4. A head-dress of blue spangled and white muslin trimmed with lace, and a star of dark blue beads and blue riband. The dress plain, with sleeves trimmed with lace looped with a gold flat chain: on the breast a gem in a square gold setting. Shoes of blue satin.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXVI.

Receipt for Pickling Beef, Pork, Mutton, &c., and keeping the Meat good and sweet.

TAKE four gallons of good water, to which add one pound and a half of Muscovado sugar [molasses will answer], two ounces of salt petre, and six pounds of bay

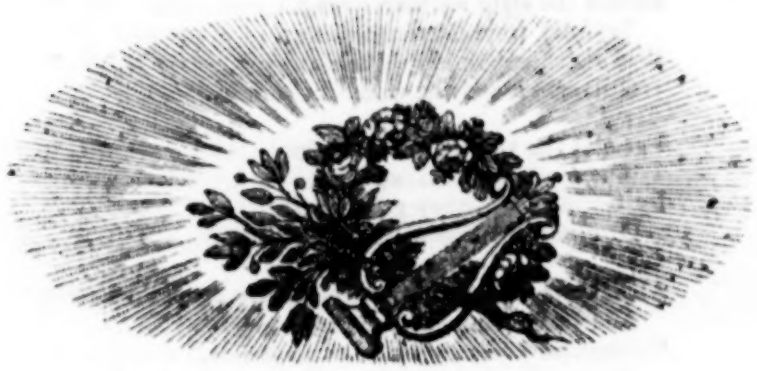
or common great salt: put the whole into a clean pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take all the scum off as it comes up. When no more scum rises, take the liquor off, and let it stand till it is cold; then, having put the meat you want to preserve into the vessel you intend to keep it in, pour the liquor over the meat till it be quite covered, in which condition it must be kept. Beef preserved in this manner has been taken out of the pickle, after lying in it ten weeks, and been found as good as if not salted more than three days, and, at the same time, as tender as a chicken.

If you intend to preserve your meat for a considerable length of time, it will be necessary, once in two months to boil the pickle over again, scumming off all that rises, and throwing in, during the boiling, two ounces of sugar, and half a pound of common small salt: thus the same pickle will hold good for twelve months. This pickle is incomparable to cure hams, neats' tongues, or beef which you intend to dry, or make what is called hung beef; observing, when you take them out of the pickle, first, to clean and dry them; then put them into paper bags, and hang them up in a dry warm place.

N. B. Some, who have tried the above receipt, chuse their meat salter than this will effect, and, instead of six, take eight or nine pounds of salt.

In the hottest weather it has been found necessary, before the meat is put into the pickle, to rub it well over with salt, and let it lie from one to three or four hours, until all the blood runs out from it. If the meat is in the least tainted before it is put into the pickle, it will be entirely spoiled in a day's time, in hot weather.

The



The Apollonian Wreath.

MORNING.

HARK!---heard ye not how chanticleer
With crowings jocund hail'd the day---
How pierc'd the waking rustic's ear---
How chid him for so long delay?

Disperse around the shades of night,
Whilst Melancholy's reign expires;
And modest Phœbe, swift, her flight
Hastens amidst the lesser fires.

Lo! fulgent thro' the eastern skies
Sol drives his flame-exhaling car,
And, proudly dazzling mortal eyes,
Emits his glitt'ring rays afar.

Heard ye how shrill the feather'd throng
Forth greet the fresh return of morn?
The blithsome lark's re-echoing song,
And Progne's melody forlorn?

Behold

Behold the attic warbler spring
Joyfully from flower to flower,
Whilst lenient Zephyr's balmy wing
Quivers around the woodbine bower.

Far o'er the verdant meadow, low
The oxen, as to falling rills,
By Colin driv'n, they gently go,
Or climb the tops of rugged hills.

All Nature teems with new-born joys,
And thro' the scene appears to sing
Unbounded praise, with heart and voice,
To her Creator, Lord, and King.

H.

EVENING.

LO! where the setting God of Day
Tinges with gold yon melting cloud,
And Ev'ning, clad in vesture gray,
Spreads Contemplation's gloomy shroud.

The rustic's daily toil is o'er---
See him reclining in the shade
Which, wav'ring at his cottage door,
The ivy-mantling elm hath made.

See, sportive, o'er the village green
Those thronging crowds of youths advance,
See them, with nymphs of sober mien,
To artless numbers foot the dance.

Chaste Philomel (for hid she lay,
Till forth entic'd by Ev'ning's breeze)
Now tastes the sweets of infant May,
Complaining softly thro' the trees.

Far o'er the hill, far o'er the dale,
Resounds the pipe of yon sad swain,
And fills the far re-echoing vale
With Melancholy's love-lorn strain.

"Ah!

" Ah! why, fond Colin, dost thou weep
" Thy fair one, lighter than the gale;
" Why, with the list'ning herds of sheep,
" With unavailing Sorrow's tale?

" For thee pale Cynthia's amber tears
" Far o'er the landscape seem to flow,
" As from the clouds her head she rears,
" And e'er commiserates thy woe.

" But, cease those melancholy lays,
" Cease to lament thy faithless love,
" And join the song all beings raise
" To Him who reigns supreme above."

In early morn, the Godhead's power
Nature's full chorus doth confess;
Nor less, again, at evening hour,
The Hand, which all created, bless.

H.

LINES ADDRESSED TO FANCY,

Upon the disappointed Hopes that had been entertained of the Success that would attend a Lottery Ticket.

INSPIRING, gay, illusive Maid,
In radiant colours drest,
Why is thy sportive form display'd
So frequent in my breast?

Why are thy golden pinions spread,
To waft me to a seat
Where Fortune, smiling o'er my head,
Presents a calm retreat?

Is it to make me doubly feel
The want of what I prize?
Or, when I sigh to mount the wheel,
Instruct me to grow wise?

But know...this mind must ever turn
To some inspiring aid;
And Fancy's flambeau still would burn,
Though 'velop'd in a shade.

Then, sportive Goddess, once more spread
Each feather of thy wing;
With amaranth flow'rs adorn my head,
Or blossoms of the Spring.

Yes, let me taste ideal joy---
Though transient, it is sweet;
Possession never can destroy
A visionary treat.

Then let me still, in Fancy, find
A fortune once possess'd;
And let me have the pow'r to bind
The woes of the distress'd.

Oh! let me taste the purest glow
That mortals here can feel;
Let me that perfect friendship show,
Which deeds alone reveal.

Yet, Fancy, here thy charm must end,
Thy potent spell resign:
Louisa's heart must not depend
On images like thine.

Yet, hadst thou realiz'd the *prize*
I so much wish'd to gain,
The visions I should not despise
That daily fill'd my brain.

Then had I prov'd, with fond delight,
That Fortune's favours tend
To make the lamp of life burn bright,
When shar'd with a lov'd friend.

October, 1801.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

[BY MRS. H. HADDEN.]

AND why, my child, these melting tears---
And why these weeping eyes---
To view the babe you dearly lov'd
So early win the prize?

She

She came to view our dark abode,
This despicable earth;
But lik'd it not---then soar'd aloft,
And tried a second birth.

Oh, envy not her blest estate!
Her happiness complete!
Where streams of pleasure, joy, and bliss,
For ever, ever meet.

She quickly shot the awful gulph,
Nor fear'd the threat'ning King;
Her soul to Heav'n was safely borne
By cherubs on the wing.

Be patient, then, and you, ere long,
Shall reach that blest abode,
Where your sweet child now sits enthron'd,
Near her Creator, God.

Blest babe! we would not wish thee back
To share our sorrows here;
Since Satan ne'er can stain thy soul,
Nor wicked men ensnare.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Imitated from the French.

ALIKE, two sparkling eyes you boast,
Whose lustre oft, in gazing lost,
Enraptur'd we adore!
The diff'rence is, with endless wiles
One tries their force; the other smiles
Unconscious of their power!

To win our unsuspecting hearts,
Alike in both Love's fatal darts
In ev'ry look are found:---
The diff'rence is, on conquest bent,
One throws them round with fell intent---
The other ne'er would wound!

Of

Of melting hearts is each possest,
Of love susceptible each breast,
With youthful ardour strong:---
The diff'rence is, the flame of one
With transient glow would quickly burn;
The other's mild and long!

Alike to charm, by Nature form'd,
Each is with ev'ry grace adorn'd;
A passion each excites:---
The diff'rence is, the one's design'd
By art to please; the other's mind
By sentiment delights!

Alike, with intellectual force
Each can enliven her discourse---
Each gains attentive ear:
The diff'rence is, with sprightly wit
One shines; to t'other we submit
For reas'ning just and clear.

Alike, to boundless pow'r you reach;
A thousand knees, alike, to each
In captive suit are bent:
The diff'rence is, one seeks them ALL;
The other would but ONE enthral---
With ONE fond heart content!

Alike, you bloom in beauty's prime;
With either, blest, we pass our time,
And both our praise acquire:---
The diff'rence is, the wise will say,
The one would please us for a DAY;
The other NEVER TIRE!

K.

STANZAS TO LAURA,

On observing her pleased with the Attentions of a Coxcomb.

NO more I'll act the lover's part,
And be for ever true;
Nor let my fond and foolish heart
For ever dote on you.

Till

Till now, I thought you far above
The follies of your sex;
Nor ever thought you'd sport with love,
Or seek my soul to vex.

Ah! why torment a breast like mine,
Where tender passions glow,
Where softest sentiments refine,
From whence my sorrows flow?

The buzzing insects of a day,
In gaudy colours drest,
Will lead your virgin heart astray,
Then wound your gentle breast.

Love is the butt of all their jests,
And solely known by name;
Which ever flies from scornful breasts
That never own'd its flame.

Laura! forbear, and cease to smile
On ev'ry fool you view:
Mere foul deceit, and basest guile,
Is what they play on you.

J. P. HACKETT.

Middle Temple Lane.

☞ By an error of the Press, in p. 286 of our last Number, a word was omitted in the second line of some Stanzas *To Mary*; by which omission the Measure of the verse was rendered defective. It should have run thus:

"And wear a *thoughtful* pensive air!"

STANZAS,

Addressed to an absent Sister.

THE Morning beams in beauty bright,
The Noontide sky is gay to see,
And eve so sweetly steals to night;
Yet bring they nought of joy to me.

Each tree and herb, and humble flow'r,
Still fragrant, in my pathway play;
But they to please have lost the pow'r---
For, ah! my Sister's far away!

In

In joy a hope---a friend in woe;
My nurse, when sickness bow'd my head---
Full well thy worth I've learn'd to know,
Full sore thy absence do I dread.

Thy quaint remark, thy social glee,
Thy firm dislike of all that's wrong;
But, most of all, thy TRUTH shall be
A theme I'll cherish very long!

When Summer's blush all Nature warms,
When Winter whistles chill and drear,
When grief assails, or pleasure charms,
I'll think of thee, oh, Sister dear!

No common tie impels this throe,
No common fate our hearts shall sever;
I'll love thee, whilst I live below---
In Heav'n above I'll love thee ever!

Stockton upon Tees, Oct. 1801.

SONNET TO A VIOLET.

HAIL! modest, simple, lowly flow'r,
Adorning brightly Nature's bow'r,
Whose purple teints, of Tyrian dye,
In colour, mock the vaulted sky.
Thy head, with balmy fragrance sweet,
Why hide beneath man's grov'ling feet?
Why mock, with simple modest air,
The gaudy trappings of the Fair?
The painted beauty's simp'ring face,
Nor half the flow'rs of Flora's race,
Possess thy beauteous, modest form,
But, haughty, bend before the storm;
Whilst thou, in every cooling show'r,
Retir'st beneath thy leafy bow'r.

PENELOPE.

ENIGMA.

ENIGMA.

WHERE peaceful Meditation loves to dwell;
Where Beauty's queen the golden prize obtain'd;
The May-day wreath that decks the rural belle;
What all have sought for, few, alas! have gain'd.

These four initials will compose my name,
A name to no corporeal form assign'd;
Shunn'd by the gay, I court not empty fame,
The silent tell-tale of the joyless mind.

Should the heart-rending pangs of hopeless love,
Or anxious cares, the tortur'd bosom seize,
A sadly-pleasing friend I often prove,
And give to sorrow momentary ease.

Dysart Buildings,
Nantwich, Sept. 21, 1801.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Wo-man.
------II.—Fire-lock.

NEW CHARADES.

THOUGH the nurturing drops of the dew
Have the pow'r to revive and distend,
Though the rays of the sun, when in view,
To a mere blade of grass will extend;

Yet these blessings of life, you would find,
But a trifling effect would produce,
If my First was not with them combin'd,
And aided their general use.

Like the manna that fell from the skies,
And serv'd our forefathers for food;
Our wishes and wants it supplies,
And produceth abundance of good.

My

My Second is merely a mark
Of respect, of regard, or esteem;
My Whole is destroy'd by the dark,
And exists from reflection's bright gleam.

Not the plumage of Juno's gay bird
E'er produc'd any colours so bright;
And you, doubtless, have frequently heard
'Tis a token of mercy...not might.

CHARADE II.

MY First is a term for destruction,
Or foiling a scheme or a plan;
My Second, without a reduction,
Uniteth two fives in a clan.

My Whole's a domestical bird,
That shelters her young near the house;
Again, I believe I have heard
It runs on four legs, like a mouse.

Correspondence, &c.

SEVERAL Communications, received this month, came too late for insertion.

We are sorry that we cannot comply with the wish of Emily; *on reflection, we think, she will herself be aware of the impropriety of it.*

We must beg to be excused from any further correspondence respecting a certain Novel; and hope that our Writers will in future avoid mentioning in a style of panegyric any *individual publication; but especially works, respecting which opinions so diametrically opposite to each other are entertained and asserted. If the Friends of a certain Writer persist in teasing us, we shall find it necessary, in our own defence, to publish some of the Communications that we have received on the other side of the question: from delicacy we have hitherto withheld them.*

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Mrs. Cowley.

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